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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt, to England, in 1817-18. By Lieut. Col. Fitzclarence. London 1819. 4to. pp. 502.

It is a very gratifying thing to see a young officer like Col. Fitzclarence leaving the frippery and dash of a hussar education, to make so manly and honourable an effort at literary distinction as he has done in the volume before us. Nobler and more enduring renown may be thus acquired, than the highest military character can confer; and even in the career of the soldier, it is no slight enhancement of glory, that the humane sciences of the study are superadded to the valour and conduct of the field. We confess that we have been as much surprised as pleased with this Journal. The author, from his station in life, could not fail to be known to the public: and he was merely known, like most other young men of fashion, as the driver of a tilbury, the waltzer at Almack's, the gay dragoon, courted by all those allurements which render books irksome and research impossible. But from this worse than lethargy of intellect he seems to have started all at once, and in a few short months comes before his country, as a judicious observer, an indefatigable scholar, and, above all, an ardent enthusiast in the investigation of that multitude of objects of literary and scientific interest which circumstances have thrown in his way during a perilous and laborious journey over half the globe. The bare attempt is most laudable: it displays a cast and decision of mind, the more praiseworthy from the situation of the party, eminently calculated to advance the fortunes of his future life; as every thing may be expected from him either as an officer or a citizen, who has already achieved so much within so short a space.

We have thought this brief tribute due to the zeal, enterprise, and ability, with which Col. Fitzclarence has acquitted himself in his first literary production; his work is both useful and interesting, and certainly contains the best history of the last forty years proceedings, and particularly of the late war, in India (accompanied by a capital map,) which has been given to the public. This is a subject to which it is extraordinary how little consequence

is attached, in comparison with its real importance and curious details. It occupies, perhaps, a third of the quarto under review, and must, we think, prove highly acceptable to readers of every class. But as it has so happened that we have recently had occasion to analyse several works connected with the eastern world, we shall in the present instance decline a regular epitome, and content ourselves with taking an extract which may afford an idea of the book, and illustrate a matter which the learned and the simple may be equally disposed to reckon worthy of attention.

On returning from Alexandria in H.M. ship *Tagus*, the author was a fellow passenger with Muly Ali and Muly Omar, two sons of the Emperor of Morocco, who had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, under the charge of Hadjee Talub Ben Jelow, a successful merchant, of immense property. He was mild and communicative, and imparted some very striking information relative to the celebrated city of Timbuctoo, of which the following account is given:—

But what has caused most interest amongst us, is a discovery we have made that Hadjee Talub Ben Jelow, as well as several others on board, have been several times at Timbuctoo on commercial speculations; and, as the governor is very communicative, he has answered a number of questions put to him by Captain Dundas and myself. As we were well aware of the diversity of opinions respecting the size and situation of that city, it was the first subject to which we drew his attention. Upon inquiring about Timbuctoo, the hadjee laughed at our pronunciation, the name of the city being Timbuctoo: it is situated about two hours' journey from the great river. He says the king of Timbuctoo is a negro, and resides at Kabra, which is the port of Timbuctoo, being upon the Nijer. The houses, he states, are low and mean: the inhabitants have no shops, but there are stalls for selling the necessities of life under leather tents. The habitations are built of clay and loose stones, though some of them must be two stories high, from their having stairs. He says there are mosques at Timbuctoo, which agrees with the evidence of Hadjee Benata, who asserts "that there are Mahometans there," and some of "no religion at all:" while Hadjee Talub's account is, that all religions are tolerated: the majority of the inhabitants are, according to his description, negroes. The cow at Timbuctoo has a hump upon its shoulder, and appears rather larger than the Indian cow: these the natives ride on. In 1807

the king's name was Boobkier, that of the queen Fatima: the dress of the latter is represented to be a short blue petticoat with a stripe of lace; his was said to have cost 100 dollars at Timbuctoo. With respect to the Nijer, he states, that it runs towards the east, or, as he terms it, towards Mecca. He has invariably called it the Nil, but another person on board, of the name of Hadjee Benata (whose bad state of health for a length of time prevented our gaining much information from him,) calls it Dan, but confirms the interesting fact which was so long contested, of the river running to the east. The Nijer is reported to be a quarter of a mile broad at Kabra, but in the summer it is much more considerable. Hadjee Talub has understood that the river runs into a large fresh water sea in the interior of the country, which he calls Behur Soldan; that from this sea the Nile of Egypt takes its rise, so that he calls it the same river; and that half-way to Cairo there are great falls and cataracts which prevent boats from passing. This account of the source of the Nile may, however, be reasonably doubted. The boats on the river are of a middling size, flat-bottomed, having no sails, and being constructed without nails. They are formed of the bark of trees, and some of them are as large as a frigate's launch, or about twenty-eight feet long. Our informant, Hadjee Talub, adds, that crocodiles abound in the river, are very voracious, and are taken by being harpooned with an instrument with five prongs. There are vast quantities of fish in the Nijer, which, from their colour and size, are supposed to be salmon. Hadjee Benata states, that Timbuctoo is three times the size of Alexandria; and Hadjee Talub conceives the population to be about 60,000, and represents their character as being good and friendly, though he has heard of people being shot for theft, and of offenders being beat on the back with the skin of an animal dried and cut into thongs. He says there are cocoa nuts and dates in abundance, and water melons in great plenty, but all grow wild, there being no garden whatever. The woods in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo are described as being full of game, and lions and beasts of prey are often seen in the neighbourhood of the town. Hares and rabbits are in vast quantities; and the only dog they have is a greyhound, which is trained to catch these animals: cats they have none. The city is well supplied with every kind of provision, and it is customary for the natives to eat elephant's flesh, which animal is stated to exist in immense herds in the vicinity. Their flesh appeared palatable to Hadjee Talub, tasting like beef, but being quite white. They are ferocious animals, and will attack single persons, which obliges men who ride alone to carry a horn to frighten them away.

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There are two methods of hunting the elephants, one by driving them into the river, where men, by swimming, get on their backs, and cut and destroy them; the other, by driving them into pits, and there butchering them: a few are tamed.

As to their commerce, it is carried on between Fez and Timbuctoo, generally by caravans, which leave the former place in March and October, as does that of Mecca at the same season. The articles which sell best at Timbuctoo, are salt, tobacco, European scarlet cloth, and English printed cottons, besides pistols and guns. This traffic returns elephants' teeth (of which two are so large as to be a load for a camel,) slaves, and gold. The gold is generally in small bags, in each of which is an ounce, valued at fifteen dollars: it is extremely pure and fine: they have also pieces of gold weighing about five ounces. This precious article is very common, and comes from the south-west, where it is found in great quantities. The negroes wear bracelets and other ornaments of this metal, and Hadjee has presented Captain Dundas with some gold articles, consisting of part of a necklace, a pair of ear-rings, and some braids for the hair, similar to the flagree work of the archipelago of the Eastern Seas; which he states that the workmen manufactured as they do in Java and Sumatra, in the house of their employer, by whom they are hired like journeymen. The price of a male slave is from sixteen to twenty dollars.

He speaks of a tribe called Shullahs, who are a savage race, living in leather tents, and of a warlike and brave spirit. They dress with the turban, and place it in many folds round their head and face, so as to protect a great way, serving as a guard, and leaving only the eye uncovered. They are armed with a long sword, sharp on both sides, though some of them carry a javelin. For defence they have a shield made of leather, about five feet long and four broad, which covers their whole persons. Their dress consists of a blue shirt and white trousers. He represents the women as being very fat, and having a protuberance behind like the Hottentot women of whom we have heard so much. The Shullahs receive a certain tribute from the negroes of Timbuctoo, and never cross the river. During the Summer they remain two days' journey to the east, but in Winter come close to the city. Their women perform all the agricultural labours in the field.

We made inquiries respecting the caravans from Fez to Timbuctoo, and from Timbuctoo in various other directions. He says he travelled by the regular caravan in three months and ten days from Fez to Timbuctoo, but the year after he went the same journey with a guide and two guards in twenty-nine days, on a herrie, performing four days' journey in one. There is no want of water during the Winter time; but hordes of Arabs attack travellers at that season. The herrie is mentioned as being the fleetest animal that can be conceived; it is like a dromedary, but is superior in speed

to the generality, as a race horse is to a cart horse.

There runs a tradition that there was at one time a regular caravan from Timbuctoo direct to Cairo, but the distracted state of the country has of late rendered it so unsafe as to prevent it altogether. Indeed, as two Shullahs accompanied the caravan from Fez to Mecca, having come from Timbuctoo for that purpose, Captain Dundas thinks, in which Hadjee Talub agrees with him, that there is now no direct communication between that city and Cairo. With respect to intercourse toward the east and south-east, our traveller speaks of Houssa being a considerable city, but at such a distance from Timbuctoo that the latter city is only half-way between it and Fez. It is described to be a place of great traffic, where the cloth used by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo is manufactured. Neither he nor Hadjee Bensta know any thing of Wassana, although they are acquainted with a large place, twenty days' journey south-east from Timbuctoo, called Massana. Indeed the latter states that his mother came from thence. Beyond this place, to the south-east, are a people who eat their prisoners.

During our various conversations, Hadjee Talub mentioned, that eleven years ago, in 1807, when at Timbuctoo, he heard of two white men, who came from the sea, having been near that city. This was the year before he arrived at Timbuctoo, and he understood that the white men sold beads, as they had no money to purchase grain. He adds, that they went down the Nile to the eastward, and that general report stated that they had died of the climate. This appeared to Captain Dundas and myself to allude to, and certainly all circumstances tend to prove, that these persons were Mr. Park and Lieutenant Martyn, who would have arrived there about that period. However, the pacific conduct and friendly intercourse mentioned by Hadjee Talub disagrees with the journal of Amadi Fatouma, who speaks of hostility taking place off Timbuctoo, which city is not on the Nijer; and in what regards the fate of these gentlemen, they differ as to the mode of their death.

It was natural that we should attempt to ascertain if it was practicable for a Frank to pass from Fez to Timbuctoo, and if he thought the Emperor of Morocco would assist the views of any Englishmen in reaching that city, which he answered with the greatest confidence in the affirmative. As to any danger with the caravan, he expresses a conviction that there is not the slightest; but singly, he thinks, that great risks would be hazarded. I further asked him, whether, if duly rewarded, he would accompany me to Timbuctoo, to which he assented with the utmost readiness; and added, that we could reach that city in forty-seven days from Fez on horseback, and that he would forfeit his life if he did not bring me back safe.

I conceive from this, from the universal renown of our nation, and from the friendly terms on which we stand with all the world, that a British agent properly accredited,

and his objects fairly stated, namely, commerce and rational curiosity, could not fail of being not only safe, but well received, and put in a situation to solve the great geographical problem of the course and termination of the Nijer.

Col. Fitzclarence, on his route through India, is an acute observer of native manners and customs,* and especially when treating of the remains of Hindu monuments affords us great delight, by his minute and vivid descriptions. His account of the stupendous and wonderful Caves of Ellora, the most immense and memorable of these relics, is replete with interest; and the comparison which his inspection of Dendera and the pyramids of Egypt, under circumstances of peculiar advantage, enables him afterwards to institute between the antiquities of the two countries, acquires infinite attraction from his previous Indian inquiries.

Upon the whole, the volume is full of various intelligence, and brings us acquainted with so much of novelty in relation to the state of our Indian empire, to the curiosities of the Peninsula, to the most recent Egyptian discoveries, and generally to learning and science, that we must conclude as we began, with heartily complimenting the author on his performance, and congratulating the public on the valuable accession to the stores of original information.

* Among others, a whimsical instance is mentioned of the decline of superstitious prejudices among the Bramins.—It is very amusing to remark the ingenious casuistry with which Mahometans and Hindoos reconcile their consciences to what is contrary to their customs in cases in which they have been brought into difficulties. The clerks in our offices are often Bramins, yet they use the quill, though feathers are looked upon as impure. Some years ago the Hindoos in Calcutta discovered that sago was not a grain, as they had previously supposed, and the alarm amongst them was very great; but the Bramins, who had partaken of this food in common with all the rest, reflected that the condemnation of an individual, when all were equally guilty, would be an incongruity, and ought not to be permitted. The discussions upon so weighty a cause were at last compromised, in full concave, by declaring it lawful to eat sago, though it was not grain! Potatoes, which have been introduced by us, are now freely used by all, though roots are prohibited by their law; and, if report speaks truth, so are some liquors containing alcohol, also introduced by Europeans.

The Counterfeit Saints; or Female Fanaticism: in two Cantos. With other Poems. By Charles Swan, Catharine Hall, Cambridge. London 1819. 8vo. pp. 200.

This poet is certainly no relation to the Mantuan Swan; though he may be allied to certain famous birds of the ancient

Roman era, those we mean which saved the Capitol. His wit is College wit,—not of the highest order, and his good things are too thinly studded over two hundred pages to irradiate the long spun web of his versification. There is a sort of pudding or cake, not the most admired by children, into which the frugal mother puts so few plums (for fear of disordering the stomachs of the little gourmands,) that it is called in derision *Chase-a-currant*! Even such is the Counterfeit Saints; an imitation of Beppo, but with so plentiful a scarcity of Beppo's plums, that it might well be denominated *Hunt-a-joke*. Productions of no higher merit, do not require much of our notice, but we have a heavy arrear of bad, indifferent, and middling poetry to bring up, as well as some of more sterling qualities.

Two rogues impose themselves on a superstitious old maid for Saints Thomas and Peter, and so contrive to rob her of her plate and money.

The following description of Saint Thomas is one of the best passages, and may serve as a sufficient sample:

His garb was of the Jewish Patriarch kind—
While from his chin, a reverend beard down flowing,
Provd—as it must, to ev'ry thinking mind,
The monstrous length of time it had been growing;
But where it grew, in heav'n, or earth, or hell,
Ask the first goat you see—and it may tell!

An antique book in very sumptuous gilding,
From one arm apostolically fell,—
The other, a stout osken sapling wielding,
Seem'd to support his steps extremely well;
U'd as a horse, it may be, when the cloud
Opens its womb, and thunders roar aloud,

For such were dang'rous riding! Julie's knees
Bent in obsequious reverence to the rogue,
Who rais'd her up, politely as ye please,
But told her, praying now was out of vogue;
And tho' he'd no objection to her mumming,
He trusted supper would be quick in coming!

Among the other poems is one styled 'Julian a fragment,' of which it is enough to say it is so fragmentally broken, that we have in one octavo page (82) four lines and a third, the remainder being asterisks, and certainly not guiding stars. Dr. Mac Sap, a northern, and Omar, an eastern tale, fill out the volume—the former shews that the writer is too far north for his readers, and the latter, that other matters besides wisdom may come from the east. A heap of Sonnets and such like things conclude the miscellany: still extracting the best, we submit the first following for the author's serious reconsideration, and the rest for the entertainment (if it may be) of the public.

TO A FRIEND.

Fear you the noise of scribbling folk?
They're harmless all the brood;
Like the young raven's dismal croak,
'Tis but demand for food!

Nor let it aught thy anger raise,
If crowds admire their strain—
The spark of genius soon will blaze,
And prove the slander vain.

But scorn their praise, a foolish race
Love fools! and thou shalt find,
The wreath they twine, a last disgrace
To chain the manly mind!

TO WOMAN.

They say I do not love thee! but I do,
And as I love thee—I would chasten too:
For well I know, Perfection's not a dream,
And Women might be—ev'ry thing they seem!

"Jack, Jack, you drink; give o'er—'tis your undoing!"
"Drink, rat me, drink? you lie—I am only going!"

Ned hates a niggard—yet the cautious elf
Has too much wit to quarrel with himself!

Upon the whole, it appears to us that this Swan is not *rara avis in terris*.

The New Era; or Adventures of Julien Delmour. Related by himself. In four volumes. By Madame de Genlis. London, 1819.

The novels of Madame de Genlis are more valuable as pictures of society and delineations of character, than as fictions merely to excite the imagination for a time, and then to pass from the memory without leaving any trace on it but that of an indistinct recollection of marvellous and uninteresting adventures. In the *New Era*, the author has described the state of France both before and after the Revolution; and has taken occasion to make some very just reflections respecting the emigrants which that event sent in such crowds to this country. By chusing her hero from the middling order, and engrafting him into a noble family, she has been enabled to observe the utmost impartiality in the reflections she puts into his mouth, and they are marked by all that truth and discrimination with which long experience of mankind, under almost every varying aspect of fortune, have enriched a mind naturally strong, active, and inquiring. Julien Delmour tells his history with so much agreeableness and simplicity, that our readers will not be displeased to see him introduce himself to their notice at a very early period of his life.

I am (says he) the son of a confectioner who resided in the Rue des Lombards, where I was born in the year 1767. My father's shop was next to the sign of the Faithful

Shepherd, and held the first rank in this street, so famous for its sugar plums; and brilliant to the eyes of children, during the eve and first day of every year.

No infancy was ever more happily passed than mine; the idol of my parents, it will be readily supposed that I never wanted for playthings or sweetmeats. From the early age of six, I manifested a decided preference for the trade of a confectioner; and as daily profits were found to accrue from this employment, I gave myself up to it with ardour, and even at that age knew how to crisp almonds and make cracknels, from which my father foretold that his son would become uncommonly industrious, while my mother flattered herself that I should in the end cause the reputation of our shop to surpass that of the Faithful Shepherd. This idea delighted her extremely, as the fame of that much frequented house had long been a source of inexpressible grief to her.

Flaxen hair which curled naturally, and a fine complexion, gave me such a character for beauty, that one of my uncles, a butcher in Rue St. Martin, my mother's brother, proposed me to another of the trade, as a capital subject to be mounted on the fat ox of Shrove Tuesday: I was then seven years old, but so small for my age, that I scarcely appeared more than five. Pursuant to my uncle's proposal, they dressed me up in a fine tinselled suit, a crown of roses decked my head; and, having placed me on one of the finest oxen in France, which had been previously ornamented with a profusion of garlands and flowers for the occasion, I proudly traversed the principal streets of Paris, followed by a long procession to the sound of numerous instruments, and cheered by the acclamations of an immense multitude; nor do I think any victor ever appeared in public with more heartfelt joy, or real satisfaction than I did, during this favourite national ceremony. In passing through the Rue de Grenelle, I recognised the Marchioness d'Inglar's children, who often came to our shop; they were now accompanied by their mother, and looking out of a lower window to see the procession pass. The Marchioness was so charmed with my appearance, that she sent a message to my father, next day, desiring he would send me to her house, as she wished to have a nearer view of me. The Marchioness d'Inglar was attached to the court, and one of our best customers. My father having requested the poet, who made the charades, rebuses, and other devices which enveloped our sweetmeats, to compose a neat compliment in verse, I not only got it by heart, but was very successful in its recital. On appearing before her she repeatedly embraced me, and then turning to her female companion, said, "We have got a Cupid at last." She next addressed my father, who had brought me, and informed him, that, wishing to give the Marquis, her husband, a fête on the first of May following, she had selected me for the purpose of personating the part of Cupid. This proposition was joyfully accepted, and it was agreed that the Mar-

chioness should take me into the country with her at the end of April.

In this family, Julien, by his docility and beauty, becomes such a favourite, that he is allowed to share in the lessons of the children, Eusebius and Edile, in whom he sees, at that happy age when distinctions of rank make no difference in the feelings of play-mates, only an affectionate brother and sister. His father is at first a little afraid that Greek and Latin will somewhat interfere with cracknels and almonds; but, however, he becomes willing to believe that it is possible to join the *utile* and the *dulce*; and dying soon after, Julien finds occasion for all the philosophy his learning can supply him with, to enable him to bear the loss of so kind a parent; by whose removal he is reduced to the necessity of choosing between the employments of two uncles, one of whom is the butcher, the other a jeweller. The latter he prefers, not only on account of his being more connected with the fine arts, and with agreeable customers, but also from his being the worthier and better behaved of the two.

Julien now, to his confectionary and classics, adds a knowledge of ornamental drawing, particularly for cameos, which becomes very useful to him. His intimacy with the noble family of d'Inglar continues, and his adventures begin to thicken upon him. We shall not, however, give any analysis of the story of this Novel, but shall content ourselves with laying such extracts before our readers, from different parts of it, as may enable them to form their own opinion respecting the style and general merits of the work. In the family circle of the Marchioness, a Mademoiselle de Versec, a single lady of forty, plays a very conspicuous part. Julien's uncle, the jeweller, was invited to some of the festivities which the great were at that time, with more condescension than we have been accustomed to give them credit for, in the habit of making, as a sort of excuse, by which those whose rank did not allow them that privilege at any other time, might at those public festivals share in their pleasures, and enjoy the spectacle of their magnificence. Mademoiselle de Versec, struck with his portly appearance, respectful demeanour, and the report of his great wealth, is suddenly so far imbued with the virtue of humility, that she resolves to do him the honour of accepting his hand, provided her attractions may be found sufficiently powerful to induce him to offer it.

By a coincidence, which forcibly struck

Mademoiselle de Versec, for whom every thing was a presage, the Marchioness returned to Paris on the second of November, the eve of my uncle's *fête*, for celebrating the day of his patron, *St. Bénigne*, a name which, though by no means romantic enough for a lover, is very well suited to a husband. It was a practice with Mademoiselle de Versec to ask all her acquaintances what their Christian names were; she did not fail to put the same question to my uncle: and, on hearing him pronounce the name of *Bénigne*, she seemed quite amazed, exclaiming, that nothing could be more extraordinary, as *St. Bénigne* was the Patron of Dijon, the city in which she was born! So that, when the Marchioness announced her intention of returning to the capital on the above day, a marvellous concurrence of extraordinary circumstances induced Mademoiselle de Versec to believe, that heaven had openly declared in favour of the union she was so anxious to form. She therefore hastened to send my uncle an enormous bouquet of *everlastings*, and although he did not appear to see through her design, in the selection of this flower, he did not feel the less sensible of her obliging remembrance. Having called to see him several times, he became so emboldened by her condescension and kindness, that Mademoiselle de Versec was at length asked to dine with us. A day being fixed, the Abbé Desforges, and many of my uncle's most respectable friends, were invited to meet her, and amongst the rest, a rich merchant, with whom *Bénigne* was very intimate, his wife, their daughter Sophie, an extremely pretty girl, and a gentleman employed in the finances, who was to receive her hand in a fortnight. My uncle had a good cook, and a capital cellar, so that the dinner was both excellent in its kind, and very well served, on plate. There was a fine almond cake, and a large display of dried sweetmeats for the dessert, which had been sent by my mother; to all these was added an abundant supply of ices, from a celebrated coffee-house in the neighbourhood. As politics had not yet been introduced at dinner tables, the repast was animated by mutual cordiality and frankness; the healths of the ladies, and other friends, were drank; in fact, we conversed, laughed, and were highly amused. *Bénigne* had taken the gallant precaution to purchase a small English piano-forte, which was placed in the drawing room; to this, Mademoiselle de Versec sat down, without much pressing, and, assuming a triumphant air, continued to play voluntarily for several minutes, during which she occasionally lifted up her eyes to heaven, as if to catch its inspiration, although she merely repeated a series of themes that were long since learned by heart, and which I had heard at least a thousand times before. All the party secretly wishing to hear the end of these insipid preludes, nevertheless praised their ingenious combinations: after the fascinating *début* terminated, we were condemned to the *ennui* of hearing two Sonatas, by Clementi, each composed of three parts,

an adagio, presto, and rondeau, two rigadoons, and an interminable overture, all of which were most wretchedly executed, as the fair performer, wishing to surpass herself in brilliancy, only did so by her extravagance. Having, at length, arrived at the *cantabile*, and complained of an obstinate cold, which was accompanied by some forced coughing, she began, in a most doleful strain, that fine air from the opera of Tom Jones, "*Love, where is then thy Power!*" Then casting some sly and passionate looks at my uncle, changed the air, and gave vent to the following verse of a song, well known in those days:

Ah, how my heart sighs for my beautiful swain;
Yet, how can I him of my passion apprise?
Then, torturing Love, at least tell him my pain,
And bear him this message,—“Ah, how my heart sighs.”

My uncle, who had no idea of being the beautiful swain, did not by any means comprehend the sentimental application of this love-sick ditty: but he was amazed at the expression of the songstress, who was so much overpowered at the end, that she declared herself unable to sing another line. Upon which Mademoiselle Sophie, yielding to the wishes of my uncle, sang in her turn, and in a voice so pure and clear, that it was worthy of one of Richer's best pupils. This evidently annoyed the former player, who did not, however, suffer her chagrin to assume the appearance of jealousy, and she had no rival to fear, as Sophie was already publicly betrothed.

Mademoiselle de Versec's accomplishments not producing exactly the end she desired, she is contented to cajole the worthy jeweller into marrying her portionless niece, Matilda, in whom is portrayed to the life a vain, artful, intriguing French woman. The Revolution is well depicted by Madame de Genlis, in its horrors, its inconsistencies, and its absurdities. In consequence of it, Julien departs for England with his friends; and here, though our manners and national character are described in a way which must be pleasing to English readers, yet we find it impossible to repress a smile at some of the qualities and characteristics assigned to us. Such, for example, as shepherds reading Shakspeare at the doors of huts on the Brighton road.

We remember that Karamsin, in his Travels, speaks of girls strewing flowers before him in his road from Dover to London, and of the chambermaids reading Clarissa at one of the inns, upon which they fly into an ecstasy together upon the merits of the divine Richardson. We can only say, as to our own experience, that when we have travelled in the routes here mentioned, the poetical shepherds, the obliging little flower girls, and the sentimental chambermaids, must have entered into a league to keep out of the way; for we certainly never

saw any of them. Nevertheless, Madame de Genlis' descriptions of all that she actually knows, are very good; and she adduces, amidst all the horrors of the Revolution, examples of sublime piety and devoted attachment, which will, we hope, throw a gleam of lustre on this unhappy period, when its atrocities and sufferings may be remembered only as a troubled dream.

In the French novel, *Les Parvenus*, of which this is a good translation, the style is pure. In both the incidents, of course the same, are interesting. Several ludicrous and amusing circumstances arise from the contrast between the noble and plebeian families. In the end all are married, with the exception of the hero himself, who, for years, secretly attached to his patron's married sister, is held in correspondence and platonic with her, while she is a wife; but no sooner does she become a widow, than, in a religious fit, to fulfil a prison vow, she sets off on a pilgrimage to the Holy land!!! (rather a far fetched journey in the 19th century) and there, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, writes a farewell letter to her old lover, whom she was to have married on her return; giving her reasons for choosing to become a nun instead of a bride, and showing how a former promise to him is absolved by a new one to heaven. This letter is found so convincing, that, subscribing to all its sentiments, the deserted lover consoles himself by speedily finding a fair substitute for the saint. All this is in true French keeping.

A French critic, in reviewing the original work, very justly observes,

Madame de Genlis has seen and observed every thing, from the castle to the cottage, from the highest to the lowest ranks of society, and is thoroughly acquainted with all the situations of life. She wishes to describe every thing; and this being the penultimate work which she intends to present to the public, she seems to be anxious to settle her accounts with all whom she has met in her way, and to leave behind her some token of remembrance with each.

The same writer cites, among many others, the following agreeable sketch, with which we conclude our notice.

The authoress is describing a lady whose heart is as empty as her head, and who is touched with the mania of giving fêtes to a husband, for whom, in reality, she entertains but very little regard. The agitation and embarrassment of families on such occasions are admirably depicted.

The gardens and avenues leading to the house were crowded with workmen, some conveying decorations, others wreaths of

artificial flowers and variegated lamps. A play was to be performed, and the actors, who were all relations and friends of the family, had been studying their parts by long rehearsals night and morning. The drawing-room was deserted, all society was broken up, and the object of this universal agitation was living in mysterious solitude, and indeed in a state of rigorous confinement. He was forbidden access to three parts of his own house; and when he felt inclined to take a walk through the gardens, vigilant sentinels drove him back again, and forced him to seek refuge in his study. Though he could form a tolerably correct notion of what was going on, yet the most invariable secrecy was preserved. - - - He knew all, and yet he impatiently looked forward to the day of the fête, if not to enjoy the pleasure of the surprise, at least that he might be rid of the trouble of the preparations, and resume possession of his house and gardens.

TIME; or Light and Shade: a Poem. In six Parts. By J. Gompertz, Esq. London. 4to. pp. 326.

This poem is of the moral didactic class, a class which more than any other in poetical composition labours under disadvantages so far as it may aspire to general diffusion or applause.

"The end of poetry," says Aristotle, "is to please;" but to please by admonishing men of their vices, is a task of difficult attainment, even in the pulpit; and, out of it, there are few who are disposed to tolerate, much less to applaud the attempt. The immediate object of the author was, however, to address himself to an individual, not to the public; to console rather than to dictate, and to show the good and evil which exist both in the physical and moral world, more as proofs of the Eternal wisdom by which the whole is organized, than as subjects of partial reprehension or praise. He states, that his work was "originally intended as a solace for old age, for a venerable friend to whom the poem addresses itself, and to remove a nervous apprehension of death, which embittered the latter end of his days; but that event having taken place long before the completion of the poem, the author's immediate object failed." The poem itself is well fitted to promote the end for which it was undertaken, being written in an amiable tone of feeling, and displaying throughout the fruits of much reading and reflection. The thoughts on the treatment of the Jews are well worthy of notice, as also are those on the ills to which children are subjected through the oppression and vices of those who have authority over them. On this subject the following extract will serve at once as a specimen of

the correctness of his feelings, and of his versification.

Nor deem devoid of ills life's infant stage,
Mature in suffering, tho' unripe in age;
Abused, betray'd, see youth's most sacred care,
Youth more oppress'd as able least to bear;
To nature's faults not liable alone,
But urg'd, constrain'd by folly not its own!
See lovely children soften'd to receive
Impressions which the plastic hand may give,
With cherub smiles, and new-born innocence,
Which court the fostering care of virtue, sense;
With feelings undeveloped, undisclosed,
Which nature for each generous aim proposed;
Where dormant excellence prepares to shoot,
Where only tenderness can reap the fruit;
Crush'd by the rude, the thoughtless, and the base,
Who every noble faculty efface,
And plant the seeds of evil in their place.

Part 1. p. 33.

The beginning of the second part is in a higher strain of poetry, and contains a review of the various conditions of man, which is carried through the third. The fourth opens with a vindication of Providence, and a more comprehensive view of the world, and contains a great deal of good writing and forceful examples, taken both from ancient and modern history.

As in some grand machine, where every part,
Impelling and impell'd, revolves by art,
In this stupendous fabric wheels exact
Invisible roll on, and act, re-act;
The *primus mobile* divinely given,
Harmonious all obey the will of Heaven.
Tho' different each, coherent all agree,
And Life admits of no neutrality.

So are the joys and sufferings of mankind
In interchange inwoven and intertwined,
Alternate they succeed, and blessings rise
From seeming ills, apparent casualties.
Not a misfortune, were it understood,
But has remote some consequence of good;
As in the natural world the day from night,
So from the shades of sorrow springs delight:
Some "bright reversion" every woe attends,
And so the sun of bliss awhile descends.

Part 4. p. 161.

The fifth part dwells, in a very soothing and agreeable manner, upon some of the most pleasing objects in nature, and the sixth concludes the poem, with a tale which should be read by all old bachelors for their consolation, shewing that it is never too late to do well, and representing a young lady sensible enough to fall in love with the mental qualifications of an admirer old enough to join the attributes of father and lover in one. But Mr. Gompertz, though willing to hold out the light of hope to all who are struggling on life's stormy ocean, prudently declines tempting them too far on unknown shores. He therefore finishes his story with this cautious proviso:

With years their conjugal regard improved,
And still their tomb bears witness how they loved;
But if propitious Heaven confirm'd their joy,
And bless'd them with a blooming progeny,
The timid Muse will not vouchsafe her word,
Their issue is not left upon record!

Part 6. p. 326.

Extract from *Les Souvenirs ou Recueil de faits particuliers et d'Anecdotes Secrètes, pour servir à l'Histoire de la Revolution.*
Par Lombard de Langres.

Art. XIX.—VINCENTNES.

The death of the Duke d'Enghien was a political crime. Buonaparte, when he had attained the dignity of first consul, wished to possess himself of the throne. To ensure his success, it was necessary that he should be supported by the leaders of the Revolution, who surrounded him. He acquainted them with his design; and the traitors, who had a hundred times sworn to die for the independence of their country, without hesitation sacrificed her interests to their own elevation. Without hesitation! No! When the great change was hinted at, they were all seized with terror; but it was on the score of their own personal safety. Several had voted for the death of the King, and all had taken part in the great work. The following were the words addressed by one of them to Buonaparte, *Ab uno disce omnes.*

"It cannot be doubted that liberty is a mere chimera in France, and that the present constitution is an aberration. To repair our disasters, and prevent their recurrence, it is necessary to choose a supreme Chief; and who is so worthy as yourself? But who will develop your secret thoughts? Who will assure us, that after we have smoothed your way to the throne, you will not imitate Monk, and restore the sceptre to the hand of a Bourbon? You have a fine part to play, the sword of the constable awaits you, whilst proscription and the scaffold will be our reward. Convince us, that in aspiring to the throne, you have no wish but to preserve it; and we, your first subjects, throw ourselves at your feet."

What more convincing proof could Buonaparte give of his wish to possess the crown for himself alone, than the murder of a Prince of the blood? Any victim would have answered the purpose, but the Duke d'Enghien was nearest to France, and he was selected.

The individual who seized him, the General who presided at the military commission, the favourite who gave the signal for firing—all are well known.

The Prince returned fatigued from a long and rapid journey, and on reaching Vincennes, threw himself on a bed. He was asleep when the messenger entered to desire him to go down stairs. He was conducted to one of the ditches of the castle; it was night; and as he descended the flamp stair-case, by the light of torches, he supposed they were conducting him to some place of confinement. Why not place me in the dungeon where my grandfather, the Great Condé, was confined? said the Prince: he received no answer. On reaching the outward door, he beheld a ditch, from which the earth had been newly removed, and soldiers ready to fire at him. I wish to speak to Buonaparte, said he—That must not be allowed—Can I not have a Confessor?—At this hour of the night, it is impos-

sible. A handkerchief was presented to him. No: a Bourbon can look death in the face. He exclaimed, *Vive le Roi!* and instantly fell. One of the soldiers rushed forward to snatch his watch; but the favourite pushed him away, and broke his sword over his back; at the same time he threw a stone on the head of the Prince, to extinguish the last sparks of life, lest the sanguinary business should not have been completed. Since the exhumation, the stone, which carried away part of the cranium, has been deposited beside the body.

(To be continued.)

MOUNT OLYMPUS.

(From Von Hammer's Travels.)

"The description of the course pursued in exploring the more elevated regions of this celebrated mountain, which the ancients distinguished from its gigantic brethren of the same denomination by the name of the *Mysian Olympus*, comes next in order, after having completed the promenade of Brussa situated at its foot.

"The first direction of the road is eastward, behind the town, winding gently up the hill. The ascent of half a league opens to the traveller the entrance to a magnificent amphitheatre of rocks concealed behind masses of thickly interwoven trees. The walnut, the chesnut, the beech, and the aspin, clothe the mountain range, forming this first step in the acclivity of Olympus. The narrow and rugged path runs upward along the margin of an immensely deep valley. This is Gaikdere, or the Heavenly Valley, in the name of which the idea of Olympus being the place in which celestial joys reside, is preserved. This is the same valley mentioned in the description of Brussa, where its contracted extremity intersects the town, and forms a hollow through which the raging storms and winter floods carry down trees and fragments of rock. There it exhibits the appearance of a vast chasm, carpeted with meadows and hung round with woods, which, like scenes receding one behind the other, present to the eye in a long perspective several successive valleys, which, however, form altogether only one great valley, stretching out, as it were, from the root of the mountain.

"After advancing about a league farther along the rocky declivity of this green abyss, the traveller arrives at an extensive level surface of pasture ground, open on three sides, but closed on the fourth, which is the south side, by a high precipice. From the open sides of this level, the eye on either hand penetrates to the deepest valleys of Olympus,—on the right, into the Gaikdere;* and on the left, into the immense chasm which intervenes between this part of Olympus and the opposite ridge of Katirli (the Arganthionios), and the view of which terminates with the Lake of

* Gaikdere is also the name given to the finest valley on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, which deserves, no less than this, to be called Celestial.

Yeneesher. This level height is the favourite station of the Turcoman herdsmen, who visit Olympus in the Summer months, but who pass the remainder of the year in the plain between Brussa and Mikhaledah. Their habitations are huts of very considerable height, arched by means of hoops, and laid over with skins. They appear like low covered waggons, or a kind of arks, and their dark roofs form a most agreeable contrast with the green sward on which they stand. These rambling hordes are called Yeereek (Nomades.) The number of families is 800, of whom from 40 to 50 usually halt together in these Alpine regions, which they call Yayla,† or Summer residence. There are about twenty such Yaylas, occupied by Turcomans, in the valleys and on the heights of Olympus. Here follow the names of the most distinguished, the situations of which are delineated on the map according to the oral and authentic testimony of these Alpine shepherds.

"The first, the most picturesque, and the largest of these alps, is the pasture-level, of which we have just spoken. Here the Kiaya, or chief of the Turcoman hordes, takes up his residence. Situated between the two inhabited regions of Olympus, the upper and the lower, it forms, as it were, the central point of the great Nomade encampments, which are scattered over the heights and the hollows of the mountain. This alp, which is distinguished by the name Ghasiyayla (the Conqueror's Alp), a word frequently corrupted into Kasiyayla (the Judge's Alp,) is so called from its having been the point from which Sultan Orkhan directed the siege of Brussa. The Alp of Sheik Murad, of Ereekle (the Downy) of Chukur (the Pit,) of Sockta (the Stedfast,) of Kahpli (the Covered,) and of Tereedsh (Joy,) extend immediately beneath the Conqueror's Alp, down to the foot of the mountain. Above the Conqueror's Alp lie Keerasleeyaylassee, the Cherry Alp; Kulakdondoodash Yaylassee, the Ear-buzzing Alp; Keesboonar, the Alp of the Virgin's Well; and Sobra Yaylassee, the Alp next the summit; Tombak Chookuri Yaylassee, the Pinchbeck-pit Alp; and Chardak Yaylassee, Chardak's Alp, lie in the valleys next to Sobrayagla; the Apple-Pit Alp (Elma Chookuri Yaylassee) is opposite the Conqueror's Alp, on the other side of the Celestial Valley, which is protected by these two Alps.

† Yayla, or Yaylak, which is the contrary sense of Kishla (winter-quarters,) literally denotes Summer residence, and answers precisely to our Alps. The most magnificent Alps of the Osmanic empire, which no European traveller has hitherto visited, are, Ramasan Yaylasi, near Adana; Merash Yaylasi; Multia y.; Anishish y.; Beengail y. near Erserum; Dilendi y. opposite to Alya; Eesfeonay y. near Attalia; Munt y. near Selefke; Karatagh y. near Diarbekir y.; Seendshar y. in Mesopotamia; Vereky y. near Van; Peenbanshee y. near Erivan; Kaftan y. near Sevas; Yeeldeer y. near Tokat; Hunkyar y. near Magnesia; Balbinari y. near Tibre; Poudedsh y. at Berkee; Sholkai y. near Paiyas; Ruban y.; and, finally, the Yalla on the Olympus at Brussa, and on the Hæmus in Romilia.

"The Shepherds who inhabit these Alps, are, judging by their persons and language, of a distinct race of men from the Turks. They are lively, active, and enterprising, unconstrained in their address, and hospitable to strangers; though at the same time a degree of artifice and distrust is observable in their character, which is probably occasioned by their intercourse with the inhabitants of the city and the Turkish authorities. A kind of pasture-rent is exacted from them, which they pay to the Pashaw of Brussa or his Deputy; they pay other contributions to the Yeereek Agassio, their Chief, who is appointed by the Porte. This Chief resides at Mikhaleedsh, and he makes those over whom his power extends, pay dearly for every thing, but above all for permission to marry. These hordes, as has already been observed, only move about between the heights of Olympus and the plain of Mikhaleedsh; others, who migrate eastward, are named Aktehe Kaipreeli Yeereek, that is to say, the hordes of the Silver Bridge; and those who go to the west, are called Kabash Yeereek."

The Turcoman pronunciation and mutilations of Turkish words are prevalent in Brussa and other districts of Anatolia. They say, Ahmet Chapoo, instead of Ahmed Chelebi; Memet, for Mohammed; Asnil, for Ismail; Jefair, for Jafer, &c. This corrupt pronunciation being noted down by travellers, has been the occasion of numerous errors in the orthography of oriental names. Thus Mohamet, or Mehmet, are frequently written for Mohammed or Muhammed.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAYANS,
FOR APRIL 1819.

(Continued.)

Art. V. Histoire de l'Astronomie ancienne.
Par M. Delambre. 3 vols. 4to.

(Second Article.)

The same reasons which induced us to decline entering into an analysis of the first part of M. Biot's critique on the great and important work of M. Delambre (see our 98th Number) deter us now also, and we still judge it best to wait for the continuation of the review, the present article not having yet brought it to a conclusion.

VI. De l'industrie Française par M. Chaptal.
Also unfinished.

VII. Sur les Aërolithes de la Chine. (An original article by M. Abel Remusat.)

The Chinese have observed from the most ancient times this extraordinary phenomenon, which has only begun within these few years regularly to fix the attention of Europeans, and which in a short space of time has so much exercised the scepticism of the learned, and given birth to such a multitude of hypotheses. The fall of meteoric stones could not fail to astonish ignorant and superstitious men, accustomed to look in the heavens for the causes and the types of the events of the sublunary world, and to consider the phases of the heavenly bodies, the comets, and even the clouds, as presages of peace or war, of the life or death of sovereigns, of the felicity of

nations, or of the calamities which oppress them. But however puerile the motive of the observers, their observations equally deserve examination; and the circumstances with which they describe the fall of aërolites, appear worthy of being compared with those which have preceded, accompanied, or followed the same phenomena in our part of the world.

The most common name by which the atmospheric stones are distinguished is that of *sing yun tchhing chi*, falling stars changed into stones. They are classed among meteors with the *souï sing*, that is to say, with the falling stars and globes of fire: it must be remarked that the word *sing* is more general than that of *star*, and that it applies to the planets and comets; so that we should be tempted to believe that the most recent of the hypotheses by which it has been attempted to explain the fall of aërolites was the first idea which occurred to the Chinese astronomers. There is, however, one author who rejects this opinion as a gross error. "From ancient times till our days we cannot count the number of those stars which have fallen on the earth, and yet we do not perceive that the number of the luminous bodies suspended in the heavens is at all diminished. Will it be said, that as some fall others are produced, and that the generation of stars resembles that of men?" Another author remarks, that the name of *falling stars changed into stones*, comes entirely from those bodies appearing to the eyes like stars; but that to suppose that stones are stars is a great error.

According to the first of the two writers just quoted, the falling stars are rarely more than a *tchhi* and a *tsun* (about 0.419m) in length. But mention is made in history of much more considerable aërolites. The rock which is at the source of the Yellow river, on the north bank of the Altan, and which the Moguls call *khada-sontailao* (rock of the pole) passes, according to tradition, for a fallen star. It is above four *tehang* (about 15 metres) in height: it is absolutely insulated, standing in the middle of a plain. It is doubtless a mass of native iron, to be added to those of Krasnojark, of Otumpa, of Mexico, &c.

Sometimes the falling stars have not been announced by any particular sign. The sky being serene, without clouds either by day or by night, a noise like that of thunder is suddenly heard for some hundreds of *li* (tens of leagues) and is accompanied by the fall of a more or less considerable number of stones. Most frequently, however, globes of fire have been observed, which traversed the heavens in various directions, with a motion more or less rapid. If the phenomenon takes place during the night, it is observed that the light proceeding from it illuminates the heavens and the earth, and produces a brightness equal to that of day. At the moment when the globe explodes, a noise is heard like that of a house that falls down, or like the bellowing of an ox. The noise which the stones make in falling is compared to the rustling

of the wings of wild geese. There falls one stone, or two, or more; sometimes they fall like a shower of rain: they are burning hot at the moment of their fall, and of a blackish colour; but sometimes they are not of great specific gravity. In the place where the globe first was, a light is perceived of a certain extent, which is usually compared to a serpent, which continues a longer or shorter time; the sky is paler in this place: or at other times it is of a reddish colour, inclining to yellow, or greenish, like tufts of bamboo. Aërolites have fallen in the open fields, in camps, in towns, in the capital; it has been remarked that animals were frightened by them. A stone, or to speak like the Chinese, a star having fallen in the camp of Kao-tson (in 546) all the asses in the camp began to bray. Under Chi-tsoung of the latter Tchouan, a stone fell with great noise near the capital: the horses and oxen fled, and could not be stopped: in the city it was supposed to be the noise of drums beating, and the drums of the palace answered it. But though aërolites have frequently fallen in the midst of inhabited places, no instance is mentioned, any more than in Europe, of any person having been struck by them.

I have, says the reviewer, formed, after *Ma-touan-lin*, a catalogue of the stones that have fallen in China, carefully retaining the particulars observed at the moment of their descent. M. Dequignes, jun. in a kind of table inserted in the first volume of his *Voyage à Peking*, mentions nine phenomena of this kind, all observed before the Christian era. The catalogue of *Ma-touan-lin* adds about sixty facts similar to those with which we were acquainted, and it stops at the year 1004: I have endeavoured to supply from other sources the sequel of this chronological series. I shall, on this occasion, mention only some instances selected from those which are the most recent, or which present the most remarkable circumstances. It may be judged from these specimens whether the whole catalogue would merit publication.

In the sixth year *youn-ho* (811) in the third moon, on the day *wou-sin*, between three and five o'clock in the afternoon, the sky being obscure and the weather cold, there was a globe of fire of the size of a *hou* (a kind of measure equal to ten French *boisseaux*) which fell between *Yan* and *Yun*. A noise like thunder was heard at the distance of several times ten leagues. The pheasants flew away with loud cries. Above the place where the globe fell, there remained a reddish vapour, waving like a serpent, of the length of one *tehang* (about 3 metres 8, or 12 feet English,) it continued till the evening and then went out. In the 12th year (817) in the ninth moon, on the day *hi-hui*, about three or four hours after midnight, there appeared a *falling star* (*étoile coulante*) towards the middle of the heavens; its head was like a *pill*, and its tail like a bark of 200 *hou* burden; it was above ten *tehang* (38 metres, or 120 feet) in length, and made a noise like a flock of geese taking flight: it produced a light like

that of the torches employed in illuminations. It passed below the moon, advancing constantly towards the west: suddenly a loud report was heard, and at the moment when the globe fell to the earth, a crash thrice as loud as that of a house falling. Though aërolites are not always mentioned after the explosion of Bolides, it is probable that both must be referred to the same cause; and the Chinese were therefore right in ranging these phenomena in the same class.

The second year *thian-yeou* (905) in the third moon, the day *i-tcheou*, towards midnight, there appeared a great star in the midst of the firmament; it was of the size of five bushels: it *flew* on the side of the north-west for the space of about ten *tchang*; then it stopped. There was above a multitude of little stars, which formed a kind of flame of a red or orange colour, of the length of five *tchang* at least, and prolonged like a serpent. All these little stars moved towards the South-east; they afterwards fell like a shower, and soon after the globe was extinguished. There still remained a vapour of a whitish blue, inclining to green, which occupied the middle of the heavens: this colour grew fainter and fainter, and vanished.

In the years Wan-li of the dynasty of Ming (1516) in the 12th moon, on the twenty-fifth day, at Chun-king-fou, in the province of Sze-tchouan, there was neither wind nor clouds; the thunder suddenly rolled, and there fell six globular stones, one of which weighed eight pounds, one fifteen pounds, and a third thirty-seven pounds: the smaller ones weighed only one pound, and the smallest of all but ten ounces.

Under the reign of Wen-tsoung, King of Corea, which answers to the second year *thian-yeou* (905) there fell at *Hoang-lie* (in Corea) some stones, with a noise like thunder. The officers of the place having sent these stones to court, the President of the Rites said in a petition addressed to the king, that in the time of the *Thesin* (he might have said as far back as the time of the *Tcheou*) stars had fallen; and that under the dynasties of the *Tsin* and the *Thang*, and in later times, the same event had occasionally happened, so that it was a common occurrence, and not a prodigy which announced either good or ill fortune, and there were no grounds to be astonished at it. All the authors who have spoken of this phenomenon do not express themselves in so sensible a manner.

Axes of thunder, sleek-stones, hammers, wedges, drills, rings, pearls of thunder, or more properly speaking, of the god of thunder, are the names given to certain stones of a blackish or violet colour, which it is pretended fall with the thunder, and the shape of which has a little resemblance to that of the things after which they are called. The *hammers* sometimes weigh several pounds. There are *wedges* of the length of a *tchi*, or Chinese foot. All these things resemble iron or steel. Marvellous stories are related concerning them, which

even the author from whom I extract them treats as ridiculous tales. He then gives an explanation of it, which is no less so; for it is founded on the fantastical principles of the Chinese natural philosophy. The most judicious observation he makes, is that these pretended tools of the god of thunder are of the same nature as the falling stars; but he goes too far when he asserts that both should be considered as the traces of phenomena, analogous to the showers of stones, gold, millet, rice, hair, blood, &c. which are spoken of in the *Chronicles*. We read in the history of Japan, that in the sixth year *sion* of the reign of Nin-Mio Ten-O (839) on the twenty-ninth day of the eighth moon, in a place to the west of the city of Thian-tchouan, where there was not a fragment of stone, there was thunder and rain for ten days. After the weather became fine again, stones were found in the ground like arrow heads and hatchets, some white, others red. We find another instance of similar observations made in two other cities of Japan, which were renewed for three successive years, under the reign of Kouko-Ten-O, in the years *newea*, that is to say, in 885, 886, and 887.

The Japanese author from whom I take these details, pretends that the fall of thunder-stones is much more common in the northern countries, and that it is pretty rare in Japan; and he quotes as a proof of his assertion, a most terrible storm which took place over the metropolis, on the 20th day of the 6th moon, in 1710. The lightning struck in many places, and destroyed several hundred houses; and yet not one of these pretended hatchets, or of the wedges of the god of thunder was found. His proof, we see, is no proof at all; it is nevertheless very probable that the fragments of mineral substances, to which ignorance has given these ridiculous names, are, as more enlightened authors relate, atmospheric stones of the same nature as the falling stars: in this case, the thunder, to which the formation of them is attributed, will be the same noise which almost always accompanies the explosion of bolides and the fall of aërolites. Another no less remarkable inference to be drawn from the accounts of the Chinese and Japanese writers is, that in the greater number of cases, the *lieou-sing*, or igneous globe which produces the falling stones, has been observed before the fall, and seems to have been the immediate cause of it. This observation agrees with the opinion at present entertained on the subject by the best informed persons; but as it has been called in question, the testimony of the Chinese, which confirms it, may not be entirely superfluous.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, JUNE 12.

On Tuesday last the following Degrees were conferred:

James Yonge, M.A. was admitted Bachelor, and had a license to practise in Medicine.
BACHELORS OF ARTS.—Charles Boothby, Esq.

of St. Mary Hall, and Thomas Coleman Welch, Esq. of Lincoln College, grand compounders; Henry Gordon, and Robert Fitzhardinge Jenner, of Exeter College; Edward Williams, Scholar of Jesus College; Thomas Butler, Scholar of Pembroke College; John Wrottesley, Esq. Thos. Shiftner, and Clarence Pigou, of Christ Church; John Hinckley, of St. Mary Hall; George Williams, of Magdalen Hall; Charles Whitcombe, of Oriel College.

Wednesday the Rev. Edward Wyvill, of Brasenose College, was admitted Master of Arts.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 11.

Sir William Browne's three gold medals for the present year were on Tuesday last adjudged as follow: For the Greek Ode, "*Reginæ Epicedium*," to Mr. Horatio Waddington, Scholar of Trin. Coll.—For the Latin Ode, "*Thebæ Egyptiaca*," to Mr. Thomas Henry Hall, Scholar of King's College.—For the Epigrams, "*Discrimen Obscurum*," to Mr. Richard Okes, Scholar of King's College.

The Chancellor's gold medal for the best English Ode was on Tuesday last adjudged to Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, of Trinity College.—Subject, *Pompeii*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE.

One of the busiest sessions which this Institution has experienced, closed on Wednesday evening (9th inst.) and those who perused our Gazette of the 26th ult. cannot doubt of its having been also one of the most valuable to the public. The members of this society, though certainly notorious for their fondness for *debate*, must be considered, when compared with those of other establishments, examples of industry:—Their exertions in the public cause have been incessant, though sometimes we have thought that their time and consideration have been applied to objects of very trifling importance; on the whole, however, no Institution has afforded more general good, and the members deserve the best thanks of the country for their philanthropic endeavours to bring forward and assist obscure merit.

LEBEDA.

The Bashaw of Tripoli having offered the Prince Regent such of the remains of Lebeda (the ancient Leptis) as His Royal Highness might deem worth the pains of carrying away, and these specimens being now in the British Museum, our readers may not be displeased with us for extracting from Colonel De Bosset's book, which we reviewed last week, the best account we have yet met with of those antiquities.

About 70 miles from Tripoli the approach is notified by several ruins. The city itself, called also Ptolema

Leptis, and Lepeda, is situated in a beautiful plain, bounded by a number of fertile hills, the whole site abounding with vineyards, corn fields, and pasturage, and groves of olives, date, pomegranate, and lotus trees, the property of the inoffensive and civil Arabs, who inhabit the two poor villages called Lebda and Legata, and who, besides cultivating the adjacent country, rear great numbers of horses, oxen, camels, sheep, and goats.

The ancient city stands on the sea-shore, at the distance of about a mile and a half to the east of the villages, and was formerly divided by a river, the mouth of which formed a spacious basin, which was doubtlessly the port, and was defended by a strong fortress on each side of the entrance, which are still in a tolerable condition. This river, the bed of which is now occupied by a small stream, may perhaps have been the Macæan Cinyps. The circuit of the city, including its immediate suburbs, is about eight thousand yards, and although partly covered by a fine light sand drifted there by the winds, it exhibits manifest specimens of its former opulence in the grandeur of its gateways, arches, and walls, and in the profusion of scattered capitals, cornices, columns, and other remains.

The city was surrounded by strong walls, and the public edifices appear not only to have been numerous, but also to have been constructed of the most costly materials, as the eye is met in every direction by masses of porphyry, oriental granite, granitic porphyry, and marbles of every description. Although there are some cementitious fabrics, the buildings are generally constructed of freestone and breccia in large blocks without cement, and the shafts of the columns are of a single piece. Most of these sufficiently point out the spots, where an interesting and profitable system of excavation might be carried on, and would no doubt bring to light many of the statues and bas-reliefs, with which temples reared on such a scale of rich magnificence must have been decorated.

The Bashaw of Tripoli has promised to send some of his own chiefs to attend any party which may be sent thither, and Colonel Warrington, the Consul General, has manifested the utmost zeal in making himself acquainted with all the requisite particulars of the country and its resources, and will be able to provide labourers, and to assist in removing the ponderous masses already at hand, consisting of upwards of seventy complete shafts of columns, generally of the Ionic or Corinthian orders, and from 18 to 26 inches in diameter, with three of 45 inches, and enormous blocks of cornice, architrave and entablature, each of porphyry, granite, or marble.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

A singular and recent event excites the astonishment of the inhabitants of Namur and Dinant, which seems worthy the attention of the learned, who study the nature of our Globe.

Behind one part of the Castle of Namur there is a pretty high mountain (perhaps hill) at the foot of which there was a spring of water, of considerable magnitude, which never dried up. Since the time that the plan of the new fortifications of Namur and of its citadel has been executed, this spring has been choked up, and has disappeared. The proprietors of all the parts of the mountain perceived that a revolution of some kind was preparing in the interior of their property, and nothing could equal their surprise when they became convinced that the powerful action of the waters of the choked up spring was undermining a great part of this mountain, and continued to make it move in a mass, without any sinking or cracks which might assist the observers in their calculations respecting it. The news of this event soon spread; in a short time the whole part of the road which leads to Dinant has been occupied by one of the points of this mountain; and it has been necessary in consequence to remedy this inconvenience by throwing a bridge over the Meuse, towards the bank which leads to Ivoir, the actual residence of Count Depatin, formerly commandant of Tournay.

The people have now given to this mountain the name of the walking mountain; and in fact its motions are perceptible, as well as the direction that the weight of the waters, which daily increases more and more, makes it take toward the bank of the Meuse.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN URNS.

(Extract of a letter from Gröningen.)

A great many Roman urns have lately been discovered in the district of Westervolde, between Wagtwedde and Wollinge-huizen. A peasant named Berend G. Koens found and dug them up in a little piece of waste ground, on the east side of the main road to Sellingen and Ter Apel, about half a league beyond Wagtwedde, in a place which is sandy, high, and uneven. Going to the house of this peasant to obtain more exact information respecting this discovery, I found him with a number of urns which he had dug up the day before. He told me that he had some time before dug up eighteen, and the day before ten others, all of which he had sold to a strange gentleman at Gröningen. These urns, though differing in size, were all nearly of the same shape. They contained ashes of burned bones, mixed with pieces of bone, and in most of the large urns there was a little urn filled with the same kind of materials as the great one. There were some urns as high, and in the middle as wide, as a common water pail; others were not so high, but wider in the middle.

The place where they were found is an elevation or hill, of which not much more has been turned up than is equal to the space of four common sized rooms. All seems to indicate, that by digging farther, a great number may be discovered, because they have principally been met with on the

declivity of the hill, which has not yet been touched on the north and west side. In the neighbourhood of the place there are several similar hills; and to judge from their irregularity, they appear to be rather a work of nature than of art.

May I not observe on this occasion, that this new discovery of Roman urns in Westervolde, added to the lately discovered Roman coins near the Boertange, renders more and more probable the opinion of those who affirm that the well known bridge which runs from Valte in Drenthe to Ter Haar in Westervolde, through the fen, is the same bridge which the Roman General Caccina made use of in the war against Arminius; and the more so when we reflect that the Boertange between extensive marshes is the only sandy elevation by which Westervolde is connected with Munster.

A few weeks ago there was found in this province, at Te Termunten, or thereabouts, a Roman sepulchre, in which there were urns of an unknown species of earth.

THE FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 2. Portrait of Hajee Baba. *S. Lane.*—This is an accurate portrait of one of the many distinguished foreigners whom peace and national intercourse have made a visitor to us. Such persons are worthy of the arts, and we are always pleased to see their resemblances so cleverly preserved as in this picture.

No. 11. Parting between Prince Charles Stuart and Flora Macdonald. *W. Allan.*—A fair specimen of the picturesque pencil of Mr. Allan, in which the wild scenery gives great interest to the affecting incident of the story. No. 21. Jeanie Deans' first interview with her father after her return from London—(Tales of my Landlord.) *By the Same.* The interest of this little picture we consider to be much injured by a close adherence to a clouted and vulgar costume. There neither appears the constant character of old Deans, nor the feminine firmness of his daughter. The artist, we are persuaded, is equal to the task of portraying the requisite expression, but in this instance he has not succeeded.

No. 12. Portrait of G. Dance, Esq. *R.A. J. Jackson, R.A.*—This is a well coloured, and highly characteristic head—Mr. Jackson's best performance of the year.

No. 24. Portrait of the late Princess Charlotte. *A.E. Chalon, R.A.*—We have here all the taste and elegance which this artist so eminently possesses, but the complexion and colouring is far below the standard of what we had a right to expect. Such hues as overspread this face are unnatural, without being poetical—they are neither flesh and blood, nor lily and rose. Were it not for the flowers, we should think that Mr. Chalon knew nothing of carnations.

No. 27. *Ganymede*. *W. Hilton, R.A.*

Upward the golden Eagle wings his way
Above the mountainous world, and to the skies,
Where thro' Jove in severe grandeur sits,
Bears the boy Ganymede

The kingly bird
Shadows his beauty with majestic wings,
Scornful of the sweet fear which awes the limbs
Of the young voyager.

The artist, as well as the author, who has displayed great talents in the production of a work, is as it were pledged to the Herculean labour of rising in the scale with every succeeding effort. Like Jove's bird in this picture, he must soar with one upward sweep from earth to heaven, to satisfy the impossible expectations of his admirers. We do not mean to apply this remark exclusively to Mr. Hilton: it will be found to bear upon all who anxiously waste their strength by too long continued or too violent exertions, to please often injudicious friends, who forget that there may be a stimulus beyond human powers, and a strife which will enfeeble human genius. This *Ganymede* is a picture of much merit: it possesses vigour, is brilliantly coloured, and contrasted in a way which shews that the artist is perfectly skilled in the use of his means. The eagle too is finely conceived and executed. But we cannot extend our praise to the human figure, which does not realize the idea of perfect beauty. The limbs are, on the contrary, rather hard in outline; nor does the countenance express the full force of the poet's description.

No. 32. *Christ the good Shepherd*. *J. Northcote, R.A.*—It is truly painful to watch the flame of genius expiring under the hand of Time, and we would gladly draw a veil over the failures of those whose earlier efforts have distinguished them in the ranks of fame. The Good Shepherd, and the Daniel in the Lion's den (103) of Mr. Northcote, are extraordinary at his years, but can add nothing to his credit as a painter.

No. 38. *Portrait of F. L. Chantrey, Esq.* *R. A. H. Raeburn, R.A.*—We consider Mr. R. as having been extremely successful in uniting great intelligence of character to very considerable skill in portrait. It would be fortunate for painters if their sitters knew, as in this instance, what was required on their parts. They might then more frequently, as Mr. Raeburn has done, produce an admirable head. It is however, perhaps, a little too much tinted, and just approaches that boundary which we should call the artificial in style. No. 212. *A Highland Chief*: a full-length, *by the Same*, is a capital work; the slightest relief would throw out its massive and broad forms, and render it a chef d'œuvre of this able artist.

No. 85. *Portrait of the Hon. Augusta Mackenzie*. *A. Geddes*.—A charming little portrait, painted with much of the fascination of the artist's pencil, but placed too low for accurate observation. In so far as we can judge, it is certainly not better than his works in preceding Exhibitions.

No. 96. *Sabrina listening to the invocation of the attendant Spirit*. *R. Westall, R.A.*—The character is justly marked, but the picture is not finished with the usual taste and feeling of Mr. Westall.

No. 105. *View of Warwick Castle: early morning*. *S. W. Reynolds*. This little gem may rank with any thing that can be produced in the class to which it belongs,—an effect in nature, made out with a truth and locality which can only result from the most acute and practised attention to the varieties of light and colour. The execution is equally well calculated to confirm the charm which is breathed over the conception.

No. 109. *A Study from Nature*. *A. Cooper, A.* There needs no ghost, or printer's devil either, to inscribe this title on the catalogue, for under the simple appellation we have one of those objects of the picturesque, which, though often repeated, comes in the present instance recommended by so much skilful management, such union of harmony, truth, and character, that we are really at a loss to say how much our admiration has been raised by the talents of the artist. The accessories are painted in a manner not to detract from the principal subject.

No. 179. *Portrait of Mrs. Gent*. *J. P. Davis*. This is an uncommonly sweet looking portrait, and, if we may judge of pictures so elevated, excellently painted.

No. 185. *Portrait of Dr. Busfield*. *J. Ward, R.A.* "Take physic, pomp"—the reverend Doctor seems to be in this situation. The colouring is black, but the likeness strong.

No. 193. *Sunday Morning, or the bad account of last week's wages*. *W. Kidd*. There is a great deal of character in this domestic scene of humble life; but we do not think it so well coloured, or in general so artist-like done as the Poacher by the same hand, with which we were so much pleased last year. The story is cleverly told—it is that of a sottish husband who has spent too much at the alehouse on Saturday night, and is unable to spread enough of his earnings on the table to supply the Sunday wants of his industrious but scolding wife and expectant family.

No. 208. *Portrait of the Bishop of Chester*. *H. W. Pickersgill*. No. 216. *Sir R. Wilson*, and Nos. 278, 377, &c. other portraits, *by the same*. In number and in talent this artist has contributed largely to the present Exhibition, and most of his performances evince an acquaintance with some of the first qualities of art. He generally possesses a simplicity without tameness, and, without being gorgeous, his colouring is harmonious and rich. His pencil is transparent, and he does well in suiting his execution to the character of his subject. Thus the Bishop of Chester is perhaps the best Bishop in the room: Sir R. Wilson is exceedingly like, and Baron O'Naghten, as a great O ought to be, a Baron in full proportions.

No. 270. *Portrait of a Gentleman as Sheriff of London*. *J. Lonsdale*. The late

Duke of Hamilton, *by the same*. Independently of the individual merit of his portraiture, this artist fills his canvases with great skill. His accessories are judiciously placed, and his characters are elevated without force either of gesture or attitude.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BRITISH GALLERY.

Si quedam nimis antiquæ, et pleraque dure
Dicere cedit eos, ignave multa, fateri;
Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo.

No complaint is more frequently repeated by the loungers at Exhibitions, than that of the number of portraits at Somerset House. It is a convenient sweeping sentence, which serves as an excuse for inattention, and which can scarcely fail of being in some measure applicable to an annual Exhibition of more than a thousand pictures. The complaint is often uttered in a tone which conveys censure upon the painters, as if it should be attributed entirely to them. If the members of the Academy were receiving pensions from the state, and instead of painting history, or pictures of universal interest, should employ themselves in filling a public gallery with portraits of their friends, in such a case there would be cause for censure. But as matters stand, these persons who complain of an overstock of portraits, are among those who occasion it: they spend their money in resemblances of themselves, and then expect that Exhibitions shall consist of pictures of a different class from those which they, as part of the public, patronise. It is not enough for a painter to have his works admired, he must sell them too; and let there be sufficient encouragement for the higher description of pictures, and there will now be found in England sufficient talent to produce them. But we suspect that much of this outcry against portraits, is merely cant, echoed without reflection from mouth to mouth; and that our modern Exhibitions do not contain a greater proportion than would be found in a promiscuous collection made at any former time. It is fair to suppose, that the larger number of portraits are consigned to oblivion with the generation they represent. The only ones likely to be handed down to posterity, are those which were painted with unusual skill, or which represent a character so remarkable as to make any memorial of him valuable. If portraits of distinguished characters were the only ones painted, we fear the practice would not be sufficient to ensure a fine resemblance of these choice and master spirits of the age; and we think the toleration of many portraits of ordinary men, is not too great a tax for the having transmitted to posterity, in an adequate manner, the soul-impressed features of those sages, poets, and heroes, who have exalted, adorned, and defended our country. All collections of old pictures still contain a great many portraits; that at the Louvre had numbers, even in its best time; and few persons are aware what a small proportion of historical pictures it contained, even before their restoration. Omitting the Holy Families and Catholic

Legends, that vast collection scarcely reckoned more than sixty legitimate historical subjects.

The British Gallery has upwards of twenty portraits, several of them very good, as Nos. 2, 3, 8, 55. No. 44. The whole-length of Charles I. is not a pleasing picture, although the head and hand are finely painted. No. 116, Charles I. in three positions, is very fine. Picture making is not attempted, but it is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was painted.

We do not think it necessary to say more on the portraits; but there is a picture by Velasquez, which we wish to commend, and shall not find a fitter opportunity than the present. No. 88. A Boar Hunt. Most persons in first casting their eyes upon this picture would think it a strange subject, and if they continued satisfied with a distant glance, would set it down as an indifferent picture. But let it be examined near, and we think all will allow, that in freedom and spirit of touch it has seldom been equalled. The figures are evidently portraits, and all of them, as well as the animals, are painted with the most perfect truth. It is quite an artist's picture, every group is a study, and the young painters may think themselves fortunate if it should be one of those left for their benefit in the autumn.*

On the subject of portraiture, we feel strongly inclined to raise a song of triumph in favour of the Modern English: since it is certain that in some respects no age or country have carried the art higher. Lawrence in

grace, and Phillips in truth, have never, we think, been equalled: and many of the other portrait painters are upon a par with those of any other former period. But we think it will be better to pass by merits so generally acknowledged, and mention a few particulars, in which our modern Exhibitions are injured by the introduction of portraits. A painter is excusable for endeavouring to confer an interest upon insipid subjects by splendid colouring and novel arrangement. But when a chaste coloured picture is brought in immediate comparison with these rich court dresses and showy effects, it cannot but suffer greatly. Painters, therefore, who are aware of the ordeal to which they will be exposed, introduce brilliant subjects where a lower tone would be evidently more appropriate: and pictures are estimated, not according to their intrinsic merit, but from comparison with those by which they happen to be surrounded.† If the Academy devoted one small room to small well-coloured pictures, not suffering masonic ornaments or military splendour to intrude—painters might then adhere to simple truth, and the public would properly appreciate pictures of that description.

T. C.

† We heartily concur in this opinion of our correspondent. It is astonishing how different a picture is when seen in the Exhibition and elsewhere; often appearing almost to change character entirely, merely from change of locality, the bad becoming good, and the good bad. It was well observed by an able artist, that no painting that looked well at Somerset House, ever looked well in a private room.

SHAKESPEARE PORTRAIT.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,
Availing myself of the kind offer which you make me, of the pages of your valuable miscellany, without waiting to discuss the propriety of your opinion respecting anonymous attacks, and as you "vouch" that the writer under the signature B. W. is respectable, I hasten to reply to the questions which he has thought proper to put to me on the subject of "Shakspeare Portraits," in his letter of the 10th May.

His first question is—Did he not, on seeing Dr. Hardie's portrait of Shakspeare at Manchester, acknowledge its excellence, and afterwards abuse it?

I lament that Dr. Hardie's name should have been mentioned, and the merits of his picture thus brought before the public; as it is, I answer, that when Dr. Hardie shewed me his portrait in Manchester, I acknowledged its "excellence"—but certainly not its genuineness. I said what I now repeat, that "it was a very interesting picture, and that I should like to possess it;" that I afterwards, or ever, "abused" it, I deny—except to express my doubts, as to its being a genuine portrait of Shakspeare, be to abuse it.

The second question—Did he not on coming to London call on Mr. Forster in the Strand, to trace that picture, and did not Mr. Forster, with a degree of honesty

seldom displayed by picture dealers, inform him of a system of fraud which had been long practised by the issue of spurious portraits, among which was his own?

To all this I answer, that my visit to Mr. Forster was for a very different purpose to that of tracing Dr. H.'s picture. In one of the many conversations I held with Mr. Forster respecting the arts, I mentioned my having what I thought an original portrait of Shakspeare, and described it. Mr. F. then told me of a source from which spurious portraits had issued, but had no recollection of such a one as mine. I then mentioned that I had seen at Manchester such a picture as Dr. Hardie's, and also described it and its attributes. Mr. F. immediately said, "Ah, is my old diamond picture got into your country?"—then told me who had altered and embellished it, and the place of residence of the gentleman to whom it was sold, which place was that from which I had been informed Dr. H. had obtained his picture. How this information shewed me that my own, which Mr. Forster never saw, was among the issue of spurious portraits, I leave to Mr. B. W.'s ingenuity to shew.

Now, Sir, comes the third and grand question, arrayed in all the power of italics—*Did he not order two more to be made?*

I answer, this is *half* true: I ordered one, —but whether to be "made," or purchased, if "made," I really cannot recollect. Mr. F. stated, that the artist who made up Dr. H.'s picture continued the same manufacture (no doubt from sources equally genuine.) I asked Mr. F. the probable price, and the sum mentioned being so very trifling, I requested he would procure me one, and this I did in the same spirit as that which induced me to wish for Dr. Hardie's, viz. to see what ingenuity, when applied (perhaps through necessity) to purposes of deception, could effect; and by placing the exposure near my own picture, shew the difference between a spurious and a genuine portrait.

To the serious question, of "Did he not subsequently send you the letter published Feb. 20, 1819?" I answer, Yes; and I allow the full force of the potent observation that "dates are stubborn things."

Having thus, Sir, answered the questions of B. W. allow me to notice the uncandid spirit of accusation shewn in his letter; a spirit which assures me that it must have been written either by the possessor of, or by some one who has, no doubt, with a mistaken zeal, taken much pains to foster the diamond bantling of imposture.

The possessor of the picture I most fully acquit of such malice, for the style and language of the letter is as far beneath his character as a man of education, as its temper is unlike that of a liberal mind, eager only for the discovery of truth.

It remains then for me to conclude, that your correspondent B. W. is one to whom I am utterly unknown, and to whom I am unconscious of having given cause of offence; his anger has, however, led him into a confusion of fact as well as language,

* The character of this picture is very singular. Its general appearance is any thing but picturesque, while the individual qualities are of the first order in art. It cannot be supposed that the artist was left to his choice: he was rather confined to the matter of fact and deliberate way in which this species of sport was carried on in Spain, where they took the business-like method of driving the animals into an arena, and capturing or killing them at leisure. In the space allotted in the instance of Velasquez, there is plenty of room, and the cavaliers seem to take sufficient time for the work of slaughter. Here is none of the hazardous mixing bustle that distinguishes the same subject treated by Snyder and Rubens; but, on the contrary, its regularity might form a document by which the customs of the Hunt would be recognised. To balance the monotony of the scene, the painter has ranged upon the foreground such animated and picturesque forms, as at once fix the attention to their attitudes, costume, and expression; and in no picture will the studies of the artist be more powerfully aided than in the contemplation of this extraordinary work. The breadth of the masses, and the firmness of the pencil, the skill by which so much is effected, is a Chapter in the Book of Art, that should be read by all who wish to lay a solid foundation. Neither should the finishing artist neglect the lesson it affords; for, after all, if these qualities do not exist, no detail, however laboured, will avail; and if those who find their breadth destroyed by the marking and folds of their drapery, would consider the excellence of what is contained in this work, and place their model, as must here have been done, at a considerable distance, they could not fail to benefit by the arrangement.—Ed.

which I find it difficult to understand or to answer: I must quote his own words.

"As the date of that letter (meaning my letter of the 20th Feb. last) is subsequent to his having obtained information of a manufactory of Shakespeare portraits, from whence, even beyond his doubt, the one he describes issued." Surely, Sir, it is too much to assert, that I had no doubt of the spuriousness of my own picture, when, in my letter to you, I gave you my decided opinion, backed by high authority here, as to its genuineness, having at that time ascertained, that as Mr. Forster could not recollect having seen such a picture, I had at least assurance that it did not issue from that manufactory.

B. W. goes on to say, still alluding to my letter, "And as he refers by jealous innuendo 'to portraits manufactured into Shakespeare,' one of which he was deceived by, and believed to be more genuine than his own, it certainly had much higher claims to attention." The only way in which I can answer this confused heap of unfounded assertion is, in the first place, to say, that I have sought in vain for the "jealous innuendo." I could not express, for I never felt, jealousy of the "diamond" picture. I wish most sincerely, for the sake of the possessor, that it were genuine, for even in that case I should not be jealous. In the next, I must assert, that I never saw a portrait of Shakespeare that I believed to be more genuine than my own; and, lastly, to ask what is the candour of that critic's judgment who can pass sentence upon the "claims to attention" of a picture that he never saw.

With all the ardour of B. W. in the cause, he is not more anxious that the "nefarious traffic" he speaks of should be exposed, than I am; and I must sincerely hope, if he occupies the column he mentions, that he will be able to accomplish so desirable an object. If, as some of my friends here think, his intention was to fix on me the odium of being a "patron" of, or participator in such "shameful imposture," your readers, as well as you, Sir, will judge of his success, when I most decidedly state, that I never either sold or offered for sale a portrait of Shakespeare, nor have I ever mentioned a price for the one which I possess, although repeatedly urged so to do by those who have wished to purchase it.

I gave you, Sir, in my first letter, a candid description of my picture, such a one as I thought would interest the lovers of Shakespeare and of truth, little expecting illiberal or anonymous accusations; and, further, I have caused an outline to be made from the portrait by an eminent artist here, for the purpose of enabling those to whom the subject is interesting to judge of it. Yet, after all this, I am not so wedded to the picture, but that if it were by competent authority deemed spurious, I would readily resign its pretensions; but until that ordeal is passed, B. W. must excuse my sacrificing its "claims to attention" to the opinion of any one, more especially to those, if such there be, who are angry at having been deceived by one portrait which

they have seen and studied, and are prone to condemn another which they have not seen.

In the hope of your giving this a place in the Literary Gazette at your earliest convenience, I remain, Sir,

Your obliged humble Servant,
THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

Liverpool, June 7, 1819.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

THE WANDERER'S LAMENT.

Farewell to my country! tho' borne on the seas,
Mine eyes tow'rd's that dear land instinctively stray;
Ah! how can I own as propitious the breeze
Which bears all the hopes of my childhood away.

When feeling's exhausted, ah! why do I steal
Apart from the throng, to lament as before?
And why do I gaze on those white cliffs, and feel
As if I were destin'd to gaze thus no more?

And why do I think on those friends but too dear,
When each thought overwhelms and oppresses my soul?
And why do I think on their efforts to cheer,
When I feel that they had not the pow'r to console?

They tell me, fresh scenes shall long absence beguile,
And that soon shall the heart from its anguish be free,
That the land shall seem fair, and the stranger shall smile—
But what is the smile of the stranger to me!

The bright beaming smile in the face that we love,
Imparts the delight it was meant to bestow—
It shall steal to my memory wherever I rove,
For smiles such as these shall not welcome me now.

The land may be fairer, more genial the clime,
And splendour await me unknown to me here;
But memory will tell of a happier time,
And each joy I partake will be dash'd with a tear.

All outwards may bloom, when within all is care,
And the Heav'n's may be cloudless, tho' Fate is unkind—
For 'tis friendship that gilds ev'ry scene, and ah! where
Shall I find such fond friends as I'm leaving behind!

I could stand on the cliff and o'erlook the wide seas,
'Mid the tempest's dread fury exchange the fond vow,
And almost forget in such moments as these
That the storm raged above, or the ocean below.

It is not the storm that shall darken the air,
That has pow'r, to infect the firm mind with its gloom;
And there is not the sunshine so brilliant or fair
As to rob of its horrors the desolate tomb.

I would banish these thoughts—but unbidden they come—
On the future unknown it is painful to dwell,
And to think, that in quitting our friends and our home,
Perhaps 'tis for ever we bid them farewell!

For years may pass o'er me, and none may restore
This form to my country, those friends to my pray'r,
My tomb may be rais'd on a far distant shore,
And none whom I love may weep over me there.

But tho' Fate may ordain I should perish apart
From all whom in youth's happy period I knew;
May nor absence nor time cause a change in this heart,
And the last sigh it heaves be as fond and as true.

June 11, 1819.

HELEN.

JACOB'S DREAM.

A Picture by ALLSTON, in the Royal Academy.
(See Literary Gazette of last Saturday.)

The Sun upon the western hills was gone,
That guard thy vales of beauty, Palestine,
Now flaming like a golden, fiery zone.
The Crescent on the eastern Heaven, supine,
Hung on the purple horizontal line.
Up Padanaram's height, abrupt and bare,
A Pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air.

The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak, and slumbered. Darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills. A sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell.
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round,
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound.
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound:
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, an ocean spreading on incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose,
Then chariot wheels,—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows;
It thunders.—The resplendent gates unclosed.
Far as the eye can glance, o'er height on height,
Blaze fiery, waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
Rank'd by their millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
Like cherub kings, with uplift, mighty plume,
Fixed, sunbright eyes, and looks of high command:
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom,
Father of countless myriads, that shall come,
Sweeping the land, like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of Heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom Angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Delly.

TRISSING.

[By Correspondents.]

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

While lonely Melancholy flings
Her pensive twilight o'er the soul,
Or youthful Mirth on sportive wings
Flies, laughing at her dull controul,
May Hope and Memory long these leaves impress
With many a lovely dream of happiness!

If Joy his lively rebeck sound,
Here still the melody reveal;
If gathering clouds of grief surround,
Be here each passion's brief appeal;
Be here the Muses still in secret sought,
The hallowed refuge of impassion'd thought.

SONNET

To a young LADY musing.

Thy face looks sad, fair maid, and yet that look
So sweetly doth become thy virgin brow,
That one might soothingly say he had mistook,
And gazed upon an angel here below.

Is it fond love which gives that tender shade,
And casteth such soft witchery around?
Sure, love can never grieve so fair a maid,
And grief, though cruel, thee could never wound.

Perhaps thy soul, all tranquil and serene,
In meditation seeks its native sky;
And, whilst it soars beyond this lowly scene,
Imparts that gentle sorrow to thine eye—
But, whether love, or thought alone, it be,
It sheds a grace o'er maiden modesty.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XX.

IRISH RETALIATION, OR WITHDRAWING
A BOW.

'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart.
Morris.

Mr. O.—is the kindest of human beings; but that kindness is so blended with susceptibility, that it is an incessant source of ecstasy and of agony to him; and these two feelings are often so closely allied, that they succeed each other as quickly as the flash and the fulmination of thunder.

For instance, he is delighted to see an old friend (or more frequently a much beloved new friend, for his impressions are as rapid and forcible as his impulses are quick and acute;) and he is ready to devour the object of regard. If a female, he is like to strangle her with a cordial embrace; if a male, you will see his eyes speak volumes of benevolence, good fellowship, and self devotion. He will run up to him, quite breathless, almost shake his arm out of joint, stammer out: "My dear,"—and find expression quite inadequate to paint what he feels within.

Then if he be in a mistake, he is fit to hang himself with despair; or if the cold piece of clay with which he thus comes in contact draw back, recoil in heart, stare, wonder, adjust a frill or ruffle (for one must

be ruffled by such a salute,) or pull up a cravat, withdraw a hand, and, like John Bull the monied man, stow it safely in a pocket, freezing him with a non-intercourse look,—then warm and generous Pat is apt to wish the party, if a lady, at the devil, or to apply the foot instead of the hand, and call him out, if a man—the very brother whom he wore, for a few seconds, in his heart. 'My dearest creature!' soon changes into a 'd—d prude;' or, 'My best of fellows, my second self, friend of my bosom, comrade of my youth, my revered patron,' assumes the form of 'a d—d conceited coxcomb, a proud arrogant scoundrel, a haughty Jack o' napes,' or the like.

Such transition from hot to cold, or rather from the temperate sunshine of May to the tropical thunder-gust of rage, or the blighting Sirocco wind of violent hostility, must naturally produce a mighty conflict in the human breast; and in no human bosom is it more potent than in that of the generous and benevolent Mr. O.—, generous to a fault, and benevolent to a perfect forgetfulness of self.

And here, if I may be permitted a digression, why does the young and unexperienced Hibernian often make bulls in word and in deed; and, not unfrequently, stammer in his delivery? It is because passion outstrips judgment, because his fancy is too quick to keep pace with his reflective powers, because rapid conception seizes that object which reason has not time to digest.

Into these snares does my friend Mr. O. incessantly fall; and no one suffers more severely from the self-punition of fruitless regret, and from the tardy ex-post-facto evidence of his sentence given, not in foro conscientiae, but in foro sapientiae, against himself.

He once lost a friend by kindly inquiring after his wife, who had made an Acteon of him, first by the head ornament presented, and secondly by sending him to the dogs in the way of pecuniary circumstances. At another time he got into a duel and received a wound, merely for conforming his political creed (and, to use his own words, "he had none,") to what he considered to be his friend's profession politique, but which he had changed in consequence of a golden dream. On a third occasion he was half-bruised to death by the populace, for an act of disinterested and pure humanity. Seeing a carter beat his horse most unmercifully, he went up to him, and expostulated with more than ordinary warmth. He enlarged to him on the cruelty of his conduct, and shewed him that it was impossible for the poor, jaded, half-fed animal, to ascend the hill with so heavy a load, cruelly imposed upon his suffering back and wounded shoulders. Pat's heart bled at the raw state of the dumb sufferer's withers; and, putting his shoulder under the shafts, regardless of his dress, or of the laughing

* In justice to Mr. O.'s political opinions and patriotism, it is but fair to state, that he knew nothing about parliamentary affairs; neither did he care for the ins or the outs.

multitude gathered round him, he swore that he would rather carry the load himself than allow the "poor devil of a horse" (such were Mr. O.'s words) to struggle another second under it, recommending, in very strong terms, to the carter to put his shoulder on the opposite side, and thus to ease the panting animal.

As this recommendation, however, partook more of the imperative than of the optative mood (Mr. O. being more given to the former than to the latter) John the carman ran restive, and would neither lead nor drive. Not content with the positive advice to the man to give ease and assistance to the beast, the humane Mr. O. passed to the comparative, making an ugly Irish parallel between the latter and the former, in which the man lost greatly by the contrast. On this the carter got furious, and, on Mr. O.'s (indulging in tropes and figures) coming to the unsavoury similes of obstinate mule! d—d ass, monster in human shape! &c. he opened the flood-gates of his abuse upon his accuser, called him a Jack-ass in his turn, told him that he and the horse might pull together if they liked it (a horse-laugh from the populace,) and ended by d—g his (Mr. O.'s) country, which caused a second laugh and loud applause from some brother carters who had arrived on the spot.

To have his humanity, his pride, and his country, "though last not least," but rather most in his dear love, attacked and wounded at the same time, was more than he could endure. Accordingly he collared the carter, broke his cane over his back, gave him a black eye, and knocked him down. At this juncture the brother carters came into play, set upon Mr. O. left him speechless on the ground,—his watch trampled under foot, his hat lost, his clothes torn, his face disfigured; and (as he struck the first blow) damages to pay for an assault.

He had scarcely recovered from his bruises when, riding in the Park, he passed the carriage of a lady whom he had the night before, in coming out of the Opera House, extricated from the peril of a vicious pair of carriage horses. He was delighted at seeing the fair object whom he had delivered from danger; and, galloping up to the carriage, was in the act of making his best bow, when she drew up the glass, and looked out of the opposite window, having been informed that Mr. O. was born in the land of potatoes, and was rapidly going through his fortune.

He paused a second, and the carriage was nearly out of sight, when, putting spurs to his horse, he overtook and stopped it, tapped at the window and said, "Madam, I am come to withdraw my bow, and to say I'd be very sorry to be better acquainted." He then flew off, half pleased with his revenge, but as much disgusted with, as he had been tenderly interested for the lady the preceding evening.

His last mal-adventure was with a parvenu, who, whilst without fortune, was very intimate with him, but who, after coming into an immense estate, assumed conse-

quence, and received him as coldly as he would have done a yesterday's acquaintance. On my friend's crying out, at their rencontre, "My dear fellow! I am overjoyed to meet you," the other drew back, and replied, "How do you do, Sir?" (the Sir very impressive.) "How do I do?" exclaimed the Hibernian, "why I do like a fool, in acknowledging you; it is making very free with myself (a pause) to be so intimate; you're just what I always took you for, (this was a practical bull, because he took him for a good fellow, else would he not have taken him to his friendship,) and you shall hear more from me to-morrow and be d—d to you." I, however, persuaded him not to call him out, but rather to treat him with future contempt, putting him in good humour with himself by repeating the following old epigram:

When Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? you see he has forgot himself!

Any one who knows the Irish character will not be surprised at his being easily reconciled to himself, and still more easily to his neighbour. A joke, a look, a word, or a bumper, will do either at any time.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET: DRURY LANE COMPANY. Those of our readers who remember the interest we have taken in recommending the Theatrical Funds to the consideration of the wealthy, who deserve their wealth by uniting to its possession that principle, without which riches are a shame and a curse, we mean *Benevolence*, will anticipate that the course of entertainments which commenced on Thursday at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, is likely to meet with the best support of the Literary Gazette. The plan greatly merits encouragement. It is founded on humanity, it is partly sustained by generosity, those for whose benefit it is intended are sufferers by no faults of their own; and sure we are that a British public will never allow an appeal so fairly framed to be made to it fruitlessly. Even were the performances indifferent, we should expect to see a season of full audiences: but at the bottom of the Haymarket, in a small house, and for a few weeks, the appellants may take a motto from the poet,

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long;

and there can be no fear but their expectations will be gratified, especially as, from the specimen of Thursday, we can justly say that a greater treat in acting is no where to be met with.

We feel rather earnest in favour of this undertaking, because we have painfully warred against the system of mismanagement, which has brought the lower class of actors, and the numerous dependents upon the theatre, Drury Lane, to their present situation,—a situation of much destitution,

and, we presume, of utter helplessness, unless this liberal experiment, made by their more prosperous brethren on their behalf, answers the purpose. The theatre is managed by a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Munden, Rae, Holland, and Russell: the higher performers incur the risk, and the inferior orders are to be provided for by tolerable salaries. On these, of course, many families depend for bread. But it will not, we think, be less productive to those at the head of it. We trust it will add to their fortunes; we are certain it will add to their dramatic fame, and to their private estimation with a discerning public. It was quite delightful to observe with what energy many of our oldest and greatest favourites exerted themselves on the opening night. Munden, J. Johnstone, Russell, Oxberry, Rae, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Sparks, were so conspicuously successful, that we could not help doing them the honour to feel, that they acted as if *Humanity were the best Prompter* that had ever helped them through a character. The pieces were, the Poor Gentleman, the Rival Soldiers, and the Irishman in London; and we never enjoyed any of these dramas more entirely. Nothing of the humour, nor of the pathos, nor of the power of any of the players, was lost; and it is really surprising to notice how much the principal performers rise on being seen on a stage where every gesture, tone, and look, produces its effect. We immediately perceive on what grounds their eminence has been established—grounds which either vanish entirely, or are but dimly visible at the larger theatres. Thus, for instance, Munden's Sir Robert Bramble in the comedy told in every line, and the audience laughed at his eccentricities, but were greatly affected by his pathetic touches. His Nipperkin, one of the richest bits of farce upon the stage, seemed to us richer than ever, and its influence was attested throughout by genuine (not play-bill) peals of laughter. Russell in Ollapod also proved his claim to a high comic station; and Mrs. Sparks, in Lucretia Mac-tab, was behind no one in characteristic marking and discrimination. In Johnstone's Murtoch Delaney, every turn of a muscle in the face, every twist of attitude in the person, every variation of brogue in the voice, was perfect Irish, and as easy and natural as they were judicious and true. We could prolong these remarks with many praises, but we have said more than usual on performances without novelty; unless, indeed, it be novelty to be able to see and appreciate what is done. In sincerity we could, thanks to the Little Theatre, observe ten times more for criticism than has lately been in our power.

Mr. Kean, much to his honour, volunteered Richard for last night: it will be too late for us to notice, but we applaud his conduct in this respect, and his admirers will have a fine opportunity of witnessing the complete display of his tragic powers.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This theatre opened on Monday with Lionel and Clarissa,

in which excellent opera, Mr. Dowton was a richly comic Col. Oldboy, Mr. Pearman a pleasing Lionel, and Wrench an indifferent Jessamy. Miss Carew, with a great deal of tenderness in her acting, and singular sweetness of voice, performed the part of Clarissa; and Miss Kelly, need we say any more, was Jenny. We wish she would try the part of Jessamy, for which her spirit and sportiveness, tinged with what she has of female delicacy, seem peculiarly adapted. The Opera went off very well, and was followed by a new operetta, called *Quadrilles*, which is a trifling thing of the ordinary genus, without much of novelty or merit.

The house appears to have undergone a thorough change of ornament, and in a period so brief as to do great credit to the artists for, at least, celerity. The front of the dress circle has been fitted up with crystallized tin paper; the other circles with gold scrolls and lyres. The lighting, which was last season very indifferent, is now picturesque, and seems sufficiently fit for its purposes. In place of the old chandeliers are gilt lyres, each with two globes of ground glass, which give an agreeable light. There are some other minor decorations about the foot of the proscenium, which have a tolerable effect; but the more striking circumstance of all is, that this is the first instance in which we have seen metallic paper (*Moirée métallique*) used for public decoration.

The Saloon has been converted into an Egyptian tent, or Mamluk Pavilion, as it is denominated. It is not so convenient for the moral pursuits of such places, as the whilom myrtle groves which it has superseded. Some panoramic views are executed upon the walls, but we cannot say that we consider the whole to be an improvement.

VARIETIES.

The first Drawing-Room having been held on Thursday, we presume that some account of the interior of the Palace of Her late Majesty, which has been little known for many years, no strangers being admitted as to the other Royal Palaces, may be acceptable to the public; and hope next week to be able to present our readers with an interesting notice on this subject.

At Stockholm there is at present a very large picture exhibited, representing the siege of Paris by the Normans in the 9th century. It is painted by HULTGREN, and the moment chosen is that when the Swedish commander of the besiegers, Regner Lodbrock is receiving 7000 marks of silver as the price of his retreat. A Stockholm Journal, remarking on this subject, says, "It was feared that the king as a Frenchman born would not look with pleasure on this piece; but we are assured that he himself ordered it, declaring that his heart was entirely Swedish." The compliment is, however, entirely in the French style.

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Steam vessels have been introduced into Spain by the Royal Company of Guadalupe.

M. Lethier's picture of the execution of the sons of Brutus in the presence of their father, which was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is now added to the new organization of the Luxembourg at Paris.

We have more than once had occasion to notice the discoveries which have taken place of Roman and Celtic antiquities, on a small piece of common near the old Roman road, after passing Lord's Bridge in the way leading from Barton to Wimpole. On Thursday, June 3, some labourers, digging gravel, brought to light more of the terra-cotta vessels of the rudest workmanship. They do not appear to have been turned upon a wheel; but to have been shaped entirely by the hand, and they consist of the coarsest clay, filled with minute pebbles and fragments of quartz. When taken from the earth, where they lie at the depth of about fourteen inches from the surface, they fall to pieces. The site of these curious remains merits the attention of antiquaries, as it has been little investigated; and the relics themselves refer to a very remarkable period in the history of our island.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

PARLIAMENTARY BULL.—In the debate on the expediency of appointing more frequent Gael Deliveries, which took place last week in the House of Commons, the whole argument turned upon a point, which, had it been discussed in the Irish Parliament, would have been immortalized as a grand national characteristic, but which passed unnoticed in the English legislature: it was, "whether or not eight or even sixteen QUARTER SESSIONS IN THE YEAR should be adopted for the despatch of business!"

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

JUNE.

Thursday, 10.—Thermometer from 46 to 70.

Barometer from 29.88 to 30.00.
Wind SW. 1.—Clouds generally passing; clear at times. A very heavy shower of hail and rain about two. Some thunder and lightning in the afternoon.

Friday, 11.—Thermometer from 41 to 64.

Barometer from 30.17 to 30.16.
Wind SW. 3.—Morning generally clear, the rest of the day cloudy and showery.—At five in the afternoon the upper part of an inverted halo appeared about 50° from the Sun.
Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

Saturday, 12.—Thermometer from 42 to 60.

Barometer from 30.19 to 30.20.
Wind W.S. 3, and NW. 3.—Cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.
Rain fallen, 1.75 of an inch.

Sunday, 13.—Thermometer from 37 to 69.

Barometer from 30.26 to 30.20.
Wind N.E. 3, and SW. 1.—Generally clear.

Monday, 14.—Thermometer from 44 to 64.

Barometer from 30.16 to 30.09.
Wind SW. 1.—Generally cloudy, with showers in the afternoon.

Tuesday, 15.—Thermometer from 46 to 61.

Barometer from 29.92 to 29.96.
Wind W.S. 1.—Cloudy, with rain till noon; the rest generally clear.—Two fine parhelia about 7 in the evening.
Rain fallen, 1 of an inch.

Wednesday, 16.—Thermometer from 43 to 60.

Barometer from 30.10, to 30.15.
Wind NW. 1.—Generally cloudy.
Rain fallen, 1.5 of an inch.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.

Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

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THE SUBSCRIBERS to the PRINT from Mr. WEST'S Picture of CHRIST HEALING THE SICK, are informed, that a Proof thereof has been exhibited to the Directors of the British Institution, in a very forward state, and which may be seen at the British Gallery.

Mr. West has undertaken personally to superintend the finishing of the Plate; but as it will require several months to complete it in the manner desired by Mr. West, it is hoped that the Subscribers will, on this account, excuse a further delay in the delivery of their impressions. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

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†† Subscribers' Names received by Mr. Hofland, No. 10, Montpellier Row, Twickenham.

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